
1011
Pine Street LANSDALE Philadelphia

Miss Maria Lansdale
with kind regards from
W B Geikie
Edinburgh June 12. 1900

# XLIX ENGLISH HYMNS

## RENDERED IN LATIN RHYME

# XLIX ENGLISH HYMNS

RENDERED IN

# LATIN RHYME

BY

WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE

EDINBURGH

*PRIVATELY PRINTED*

1900

Printed by T. and A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press

# PREFATORY NOTE

THESE essays in rhyming Latin were the recreation of my father after his retirement in his seventy-eighth year from active clerical and professorial work. His last act before he was suddenly stricken down was to send the translations to me to look over, and to put into type if I thought right. He did not intend to publish them, and he never saw them in print; but had he done so, there is little doubt that he would have altered and amended much.

These translations, therefore, may be considered first experiments rather than finished work, yet as such they may be of interest to those who knew my father and who loved him.

W. B. B.

UNIVERSITY PRESS,
EDINBURGH, *May* 1900.

# CONTENTS

*TRUST AND PEACE*



*DISCIPLINE*



*HOLY ASPIRATION*

*HOLY ASPIRATION*



*THE CHURCH*



*CHRISTIAN SERVICE*



*ON THE BRINK*

*The arrangement in subjects is the translator's own.*

# HYMNS AND TRANSLATIONS

A

## I

Our God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
  And our eternal home,

Under the shadow of Thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
  And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
  Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the opening day.

I

O Deus, olim nos juvisti,
Adhuc in Te speramus;
A tempestate nos texisti,
Domum in Te habemus.

Securi subter throno Tuo
Sancti Tui vixerunt;
Protecti solum brachio Tuo
Incolumes manserunt.

Priusquam montes elevati,
Aut terra cepit formam,
Tu Deus ab æternitate,
Ætatem ad æternam.

Pro Te ævorum fugiunt millia,
Ut vesper dissipatur;
Ut noctis ultima vigilia,
Quum solis lux novatur.

Suos propellit tempus filios,
Ut flumen semper volvens;
Volant: diei ante radios
Ut somnium dissolvens.

Our God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
  And our eternal home.

## II

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
  And in the depth be praise,—
In all His words most wonderful,
  Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
  When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
  And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
  Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
  Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
  Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very self
  And essence all-Divine.

O generous love! that He who smote
  In Man, for man, the foe
The double agony in Man,
  For man, should undergo,

O Deus, olim adjuvamen,
  Semper in Te speremus,
Turbatis nobis sis tutamen,
  Et in æternum domus.

## II

LAUS Sacrosancto in excelsis,
  Laus detur in profundis,
Verissimo in viis cunctis,
  Et verbis admirandis.

O sapiens Dei nostri amor,
  Quod turpes et impuros
Secundus Adam, propugnator,
  Advenit redempturus.

O præstans amor! nostra caro,
  In patre quæ defecit,
In hostem prœlio novato,
  Victoriam confecit.

O donum gratiam superans,
  Quum Spiritu Divino,
In nobis Deus habitans,
  Nos renovat omnino.

O alme amor! is ut homo
  Pro homine qui vicit,
Dolorem duplicem ut homo
  Pro homine subivit.

And in the garden secretly,
  And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
  To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
  And in the depth be praise,—
In all His words most wonderful,
  Most sure in all His ways.

## III

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

Qui clam in horto gemuit,
  Et palam super crucem,
Fratres et pati docuit,
  Et ferre mortem trucem.

Laus Sacrosancto in excelsis,
  Laus detur in profundis,
Verissimo in viis cunctis,
  Et verbis admirandis.

## III

HAC nocte, Deus, laudo Te,
Per diem quod servâsti me;
Regum Rex, me serva tutum,
Subter Tuæ alæ scutum.

Ob Christi nomen sint remissa,
Peccata hodie commissa;
Amorem erga omnes geram,
Priusquam me in somnum feram.

Sic ego vivam ut sepulcrum
Non magis timeam quam lectum;
Et moriar sic ut corpus vile
Resplendens surgat illâ die.

Quiescat anima in Te,
Jucundo somno juva me;
Expergefactus, fortior fiam,
Libentius sequens Tuam viam.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## IV

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Insomnis si jacerem noctu,
Te reminiscar super lecto;
A me repelle somnia mala,
Nec vexet vis inferna ulla.

Laus detur Deo cuncta danti,
Laus detur omni animanti;
Cælicolæ laudate Eum,
Laudate triunitum Deum.

## IV

O Deus Bethel, cujus manu
  Tui adhuc aluntur,
A quo, defessi peregrini,
  Patres conducebantur.

Preces offerimus et vota,
  Coram gratiæ throno;
O Deus patrum, filiorum
  Sis Deus, pari bono!

Per vitæ vias latebrosas,
  Vestigia regantur;
Nobis quotidianus panis
  Et vestes præbeantur.

O pandito tegentes alas,
  Dum advenæ vagamur;
Donec ad Patris caram domum
  In pace conducamur.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
  Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
  And portion evermore.

## V

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
    The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
    Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
    Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
    Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
    Circling us round
That in the darkest spot of earth
    Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
    Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
    That thorns remain,
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
    And not our chain.

For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
    Our weak heart clings,

Submissi talia oramus
  Dona Tua paterna;
Tu quoque Deus noster eris,
  Et portio æterna.

## V

Te laudo, Deus, qui creâsti
    Terram jucundam;
Fulgore atque lumine,
    Ubique pulchram;
Efficiunt tot nobilia
    Tellurem rectam.

Te laudo quia gaudium
    Ubique patet,
Benignitatis spiritus
    Semper apparet;
In locis obscurissimis
    Amor quis latet.

Te laudo quod lætitiam
    Misces dolore;
Diebus faustis umbras das
    Et spinas flori,
Ut sic fruamur gaudio
    Salubri more.

Nôsti, Deus, quantum corda
    Mundum ament;

Hast given us joys, tender and true,
    Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
    Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
    The best in store:
We have enough, yet not too much
    To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace
    Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
    Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
    A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
    On Jesus' breast.

## VI

God moves in a mysterious way,
    His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
    And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
    Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
    And works His sovereign will.

Sic gaudia etiam vera
Alis non carent;
Ut, sursum versæ, animæ
Meliora spectent.

Te laudo quia optima
Nondum habemus;
Quod sufficit dedisti, sed
Plura speramus;
Pace ultra intellectum
Adhuc caremus.

Te laudo quia animæ,
Etiam renatæ,
Otium invenire plenum
Nequeunt hodie;
Hoc solum quum accumbent
In Jesu pectore.

## VI

ARCANO modo Deus movet,
Efficiens miranda;
Vestigia super mare ponit,
Turbatâ vectus undâ.

In antris profundissimis,
Consiliis beatis
Evolvit Peritissimus
Copiam voluntatis.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
  And He will make it plain.

## VII

HARK! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
                Hark! etc.

Sancti trementes, sursum corda!
  Nam nubes tam horrendæ
In vestrum caput, plenæ gratiâ,
  Sunt cito effundendæ.

Ne sensus judicet ineptus
  A Deo quod occultum;
Tegit incommodus aspectus
  Jam arridentem vultum.

Consilia fient matura,
  Gradatim patefacta;
Quum gemma floris sit amara,
  Florebit odorata.

Infida mens, ignara Dei
  Profecto aberrabit;
Suæ interpretator rei,
  Rem Ipse vindicabit.

## VII

ECCE angeli cantantes,
Infanti Regi laudem dantes;
Pacem canunt et amorem,
Deus misit Redemptorem!
Sursum, gentes, jubilate,
Et cum angelis clamate;
Sonet omne terræ litus,
In Bethlehem est Christus natus.
Ecce, etc.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
Hark! etc.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! etc.

## VIII

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.

Christus, cælo adoratus,
Dominus æternus, Christus,
Hanc ad terram sero venit,
Virgo mitis vitam dedit;
Carne advenit velatus
Deus terrâ incarnatus.
Lætus vivit nostrâ domo,
Immanuelis, etiam homo.
Ecce, etc.

Salve, Christe, Princeps pacis,
Salve, Sol benignitatis!
Lucem, vitam, semper gerens,
Alis sanitatem ferens.
Gloriam placuit celare,
Natus morte liberare,
Natus viros elevare,
Natus partum novum dare!
Ecce, etc.

## VIII

Sub umbris olim vespertinis,
Ad Jesum ægri convenerunt
Oppressi malis infinitis;
O quam felices abierunt!

Propinquat nobis vesper rursum,
Et Jesum petimus oppressi;
Et quamquam Ipse ivit sursum,
Sentimus Spiritum adesse.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
  For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
  And some have lost the love they had;

And some are pressed with worldly care,
  And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
  That only Thou canst cast them out;

And some have found the world is vain,
  Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
  And have not sought a friend in Thee;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
  For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
  Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
  Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
  The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
  No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
  And in Thy mercy heal us all.

O Christe, adime dolores,
  Miserrimorum miserere;
Quibusdam enim nil amoris,
  Amorem quidam amisere.

Et quidam curis opprimuntur,
  Quidam cœperunt dubitare;
Quidam furoribus feruntur
  Quos possis solus Tu domare.

Quidam inanem invenerunt
  Mundum, sed mundo non solvuntur;
Quidam amicos ploraverunt—
  Qui Te amico non fruuntur.

Nec ulli habent plenam pacem,
  Nam nulli sunt immaculati;
Et minimam qui habent labem
  Hos piget maxime peccati.

Tu quoque homo, Jesu care,
  Afflicte sæpe, et tentate!
Labes quas volumus celare
  Sunt Tibi omnes reseratæ.

Valet ut olim Tua manus,
  Nec unquam Tua verba vana;
Audi has preces vespertinas,
  Misericors, nos omnes sana!

## IX

When I survey the wondrous cross
  On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
  And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
  Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
  I sacrifice them to His blood.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
  Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
  Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## X

There is a fountain filled with blood
  Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
  Lose all their guilty stains.

## IX

Quum crucem video mirandam,
  Et Regem gloriæ morientem,
Supremam nîli puto prædam,
  Et pudet me superbientem.

Ne me jactare, Deus, sinas
  Nisi de morte Christi mei;
Ineptias, quondam mihi gratas,
  Aspernor, præ cruore Dei.

De manu, pede, fronte, ore,
  Amor dolore mixtus fluit;
Quis talia juncta tali more,
  E spinis quis coronam vidit?

Si totus orbis esset meus,
  Oblatio pretium non haberet;
Tam mirus amor, tam divinus,
  Cor, vitam, tota mea meret.

## X

Ecce plenus Fons cruoris
  Immanuelis hausti corde;
Sub ejus undâ peccatores
  Lavantur peccatorum sorde.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
  That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
  Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
  Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
  Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
  Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
  And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
  I 'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
  Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
  Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
  A golden harp for me;

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
  And formed, by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
  No other name but Thine.

Et fontem istum observare
  Gavisus latro moribundus;
Peccata mea expurgavi
  Ibi, æqualiter immundus.

O moriens Agne, sanguis Tuus
  Valebit semper redempturus,
Donec quisque Dei filius
  Servatur, nunquam peccaturus.

Ex quo ad fontem ego vectus,
  E Tuo latere fluentem,
Implevit amor Christi pectus,
  Et me tenebit morientem.

Tunc salutiferum cantabo
  Te in camenâ magis aptâ,
Quum silens mortis in sepulchro
  Jacebit lingua hæc inepta.

Pro me indigno esse credo,
  Mercedem sanguine sacratam,
Et lyram auream in cœlo,
  O Domine, a Te paratam,

Aptatam in æternum usum,
  Doctam divinitus sonare
Non nisi Tuum nomen ullum,
  In Patris aure celebrare.

## XI

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

## XII

Again the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here,

## XI

NON sanguis totus bestiarum
Judæis aris oblatarum
Indignis posset ferre pacem
Aut luere peccati labem.

Sed Jesus Christus, Agnus Dei,
Peccati tollit culpam mei,
Oblatio meriti majoris,
Virtutis sanguis ditioris.

Jam ponit fides mea manum
Super caput Tuum carum,
Ibi pœnitenter stabo,
Ibi peccatum deplorabo.

Te video affixum cruci
Subter nece tristi, truci!
Pro me onus hoc tulisti,
Pro me sanguinem fudisti.

Credentes Tibi, nos gaudemus
Ablatum scelus quum videmus;
Amorem Agni celebramus,
Voce lætissimâ cantamus.

## XII

SALVE, aurora laeta,
Aurora lucis sacra!

And earth itself looks fairer,
  And heaven itself more near:
The bells, like angel voices,
  Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
  To keep the day of rest.
    'Glory be to Jesus!'
      Let all His children say;
    He rose again, He rose again,
      On this glad day!

Again, O loving Saviour,
  The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
  Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
  If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
  Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
    'Glory be to Jesus!' etc.

The shining choir of angels
  That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
  The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
  In pastures fair above,—
These all adore and praise Him
  Whom we too praise and love.
    'Glory be to Jesus!' etc.

Videtur propius cælum,
  Et terra magis pulchra;
Angelice campanæ
  Incipiunt sonare,
Et tota tellus diem
  Quietis consecrare.
    'Gloria sit Jesu!'
      Dicat terra tota;
    Resurrexit, resurrexit,
      Hac die lætâ.

Rursum, Salvator alme,
  Redempti Tui nati
Sub tecto Tui fani
  Coire sunt parati;
Tolletur Tibi hymnus,
  Si corda inspirabis;
Canemus Tuas laudes,
  Si labra consecrabis.
    'Gloria sit Jesu!' etc.

Collegium angelorum
  Noctem diemque canens,
Et martyrorum cœtus
  Amictum album gerens,
Felices agni Jesu
  In pabulis supernis,
Dilectum nostrum laudant
  Canticulis æternis.
    'Gloria sit Jesu!' etc.

The Church on earth rejoices
  To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
  She calls her sons to pray;
Across the Northern snow-fields,
  Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
  And sings the same sweet psalms.
    'Glory be to Jesus!' etc.

Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
  Sing, children, sing His name!
Still louder and still further
  His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemèd
  Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
  And every tongue shall sing.
    'Glory be to Jesus!' etc.

## XIII

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
  Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
  Opened for the King.
Christ, the King of Glory,
  Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
  To His throne above.

Ecclesia Tua gaudet
  Cum his consociari,
Et natos omnis gentis
  Nunc invocat precari.
Agris nivosis Boreæ,
  Sub Indianis palmis,
Eundem cultum reddit,
  Iisdem laudat psalmis.
    'Gloria sit Jesu!' etc.

Clamate, tintinnabula,
  Nati, nomen cantate;
Clarius et latius Ejus
  Famam elevate.
Donec a cunctis gentibus
  Rex Jesus honoratur;
Et omne genu flectitur
  Et lingua confitetur.
    'Gloria sit Jesu!' etc.

## XIII

SONANT lyræ aureæ,
  Angeli conclamant,
Fores margariticæ
  Apertæ Regi astant.
Christus Rex præclarus,
  Jesus Rex Amoris,
Ascendit triumphator
  Cæli intra fores.

'All His work is ended,
  Joyfully we sing;
'Jesus hath ascended;
  Glory to our King!'

He who came to save us,
  He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
  At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
  Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
  Is gone up on high.
    'All His work,' etc.

Praying for His children
  In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
  Sending them His grace.
His bright home preparing,
  Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
  Ever loveth too.
    'All His work,' etc.

## XIV

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
  Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
  The mighty Victor's brow.

'Totum opus actum,'
  Læti nos cantamus,
'Regi in excelsis
  Nostro laudem damus!'

Jesus, vitam ferens,
  Sanguinem qui fudit,
Coronatus gloriâ,
  Juxta Patrem sedet.
Jesus Rex præclarus,
  Nunquam jam passurus,
Ivit ad superna
  Nunquam moriturus.
      'Totum opus actum,' etc.

Sancto illo loco,
  Pro Suis precatur;
Invocans ad gloriam,
  Gratiam largitur.
Liberi, pro vobis
  Domum claram parans,
Jesus semper vivit
  Sempiterne amans.
      'Totum opus actum,' etc.

## XIV

CAPUT olim spinis cinctum
  Gloriâ coronatur;
Regali diademate
  Victoris frons ornatur.

The highest place that heaven affords
  Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
  And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
  The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
  And grants His name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
  With all its grace, is given,—
Their name an everlasting name,
  Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
  They reign with Him above,—
Their profit and their joy to know
  The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
  Though shame and death to Him,—
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
  Their everlasting theme.

## XV

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
  Once for favoured sinners slain;

In loco excelsissimo
  Cælorum jure sedet,
Supremus Rex et Dominus,
  Æternam lucem præbet.

In Illo gaudent incolæ
  Et terræ et cælorum,
Qui Ejus nomen diligunt,
  Et sentiunt amorem.

Pudor et gratia crucis
  His donum fit terrestre;
Sed nomen sempiternum
  Et gaudium cæleste.

Cum Eo patiuntur hic,
  Cum Eo mox regnabunt;
Benedicti, et amore
  Repleti, habitabunt.

Crux illis vitam attulit,
  Huic mortem et pudorem;
Æterne Ejus liberi
  Laudabunt Salvatorem.

## XV

Ecce venit, vectus nube,
  Pro nobis olim cæsus;

Thousand thousand saints attending
  Swell the triumph of His train:
    Hallelujah!
  God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
  Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
  Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
    Deeply wailing,
  Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
  Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
  Hear the trump proclaim the day:
    Come to judgment!
  Come to judgment! come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
  See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
  Now shall meet Him in the air:
    Hallelujah!
  See the day of God appear!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
  High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
  Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
    O come quickly;
  Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

Et sanctorum, sono tubæ,
Innumeratus cœtus:
Alleluia!
Regnare venit Deus.

Omnes oculi videbunt
Regis majestatem;
Qui Eum cruci affixerunt
Plorabunt feritatem,
Gementes multum
Videbunt Dei natum.

Fugient montes, mare, oræ,
Cælum atque terra;
Trementes hostes, die iræ,
Exaudient tubæ verba:
Prodite in judicium!
Prodite sine morâ!

Redemptio diu expectata
Præclara apparebit;
Sponsa, ab homine damnata,
Cum Sponso assidebit:
Alleluia!
Dies Dei venit.

Amen! jam omnes Te adorent,
Excelso Tuo throno;
Imperium sume (etiam orent),
Regna pro orbis bono:
Alleluia!
Veni, veni, cito!

## XVI

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

## XVI

REDEMPTOR, antequam spiravit
Novissimam salutem,
Beatum Spiritum legavit,
Nobis ducem.

Linguas ferventes igne tulit,
Persuadens, domans, docens;
Non visus, sicut ventus, venit,
Æque potens.

Et auras dulces hospes clemens
Dispersit almâ manu,
In corde humili jam manens
Ut in fano.

Et mollis ea vox est Ejus,
Ut aura vespertina,
Quæ domat culpas, sedat metus,
Vox divina.

Et nobis inest virtus nulla,
Nec vincimus in bello,
Nec surgit aspiratio ulla,
Quin ab Illo.

O Spiritus benigne, mitis,
Debilium miserere;
Domum, in nobis jam contritis,
Placeat habere.

O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three!

## XVII

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast':
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live':
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright':

Laudate, omnes, Patrem, Filium,
  Et Spiritum divinum:
Laudate Tres in Uno Deum,
    Tribus Unum!

## XVII

Audivi vocem Jesu,
  'Ad Me venito, fesse;
Jam super meum pectus,
  Caput acclina, lasse':
Ad Jesum miser veni,
  Defessus et dejectus;
Refugium inveni,
  Lætus in Eo factus.

Audivi vocem Jesu,
  'Libenter ecce! dono
Viventem aquam, sitiens
  Bibe, frueris bono':
Ad Jesum veni, bibi
  De fluvio, ut dixit;
Statim levata sitis
  Et anima revixit.

Audivi vocem Jesu,
  'Sum ego orbis lux;
Me specta, et aurora
  Fulgoris erit dux':

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

## XVIII

'Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."'

'Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my guide?'
'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side!'

'Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?'
'Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!'

'If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?'
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear!'

'If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?'
'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed!'

Inveni, spectans Jesum,
  Et solem mî et stellam;
Et hac in luce vitæ,
  Dum vivam, ire volam.

## XVIII

'Esne fessus, esne lassus,
  An luctu es repletus?
"Quære me, et" ait quidam
  "Sis quietus."'

'Suntne signa indicantia
  An sit custos aptus?'
'Ecce manus, ecce pedes,
  Ecce latus.'

'Ornat frontem diadema
  Regis, gemmis clarum?'
'Sertum vere cingit caput,
  Sed spinarum.'

'Si attingam, sequens Eum,
  Quam mercedem capiam?'
'Sat doloris, sat laboris,
  Fletûs copiam.'

'Sed si adhærebo constans
  Tandem quid habebo?'
'Nil doloris, nil laboris,
  Jordan retro.'

'If I ask Him to receive me,
  Will He say me nay?'
'Not till earth and not till heaven
    Pass away!'

'Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
  Is He sure to bless?'
'Angels, martyrs, saints, and prophets
    Answer, "Yes!"'

## XIX

'Come unto Me, ye weary,
  And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
  Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
  Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
  Of love that cannot cease.

'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
  And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
  Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
  And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
  And songs the break of day.

'Si rogarem me tueri,
  Anne dissentiret?'
'Terra prius, prius cœlum
    Præteriret.'

'Prosequentem, perluctantem
  Demum me salvabit?'
'Testes, vates, sancti, omnes—
    "Te beabit!"'

## XIX

'Ad me venite fessi,
  Quietem vobis dabo.'
O vox beata Jesu,
  Cordi perturbato!
Annunciat salutem,
  Gratiam condonantem,
Gaudium et amorem,
  Pacem non cessantem.

'Me petite errantes,
  Lucernam vobis dabo.'
O vox amica Jesu,
  Quum incubat caligo!
Implêrat luctus corda
  Nostrum errantium vane;
Aurora feret gaudium
  Et cantus dabit mane.

'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
  And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
  Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
  The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
  And stronger than the strong.

'And whosoever cometh
  I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
  Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
  Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
  To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

## XX

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
    O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
    O Lamb of God, I come.

'Me quærite, languentes,
  Nam vitam vobis dabo.'
O hilarans vox Jesu,
  Certamine protracto.
Certamus contra hostes
  Valde furentiores;
Sed nos fecisti fortes,
  Quam fortes fortiores.

'Ad Me quicunque venit
  Nunquam eum avertam.'
O vox jucunda Jesu,
  Mentem firmans incertam;
Quæ vocat nos, indignos
  Tam immensi amoris,
Ad Te venire Jesu,
  Nos etiam peccatores.

## XX

Omnino qualis sum et solum
Orans cruorem pro me fusum,
Et afferens vocatum Tuum,
    Agne Dei, venio.

Omnino qualis sum, nec morans,
Nec labes luere laborans,
Luentem Tuam gratiam orans,
    Agne Dei, venio.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Omnino qualis sum oppressus,
Cum dubitatione fessus,
Tum prœliis tum timore pressus,
    Agne Dei, venio.

Omnino qualis sum, pollutus,
Pauper, miser, cæcus, nudus,
Ad Te, cunctis destitutus,
    Agne Dei, venio.

Omnino qualis sum, Tu enim
Accipies, et sanabis mentem ;
Quod Tuo verbo pono fidem,
    Agne Dei, venio.

Omnino qualis sum, amorem
Laudans per omnia victorem,
Me Tibi dicans servitorem,
    Agne Dei, venio.

Omnino qualis sum fructurus
Modis quam maximis amoris,
Tecum in cælis mox futurus,
    Agne Dei, venio.

## XXI

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## XXI

Rupes olim pro me rupta,
Tuo sinu me occulta;
Sim, per sanguinem et aquam
Tuo sinu fisso natam,
Bis peccato liberatus
Vi et culpâ expurgatus.

Tota manuum conata
Legis non implent mandata;
Etsi semper laborarem,
Semper scelus si plorarem,
Essem attamen peccator
Tu Tu solus es salvator.

Nil in manu meâ ferens,
Solum Tuæ cruci hærens,
Nudus, vestem Te imploro,
Miser, Tuam gratiam oro;
Fontem peto, heu immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus! [1]

Dum fugacem traho auram,
Moriens oculos quum claudam,
Per ignotum quum volabo,
Super thronum Te videbo;
Fissam, ob me peccatorem,
Intra Rupem clausus forem!

[1] Cf. Mr. Gladstone's lines—
'Fontem Christi quæro immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.'

## XXII

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
  While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
  O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
  Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
  All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
  More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
  I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin;

## XXII

Jesu, animam qui amas,
Tegar subter Tuas alas !—
Ruunt undæ propiores,
Sæviunt venti fortiores ;
Conde, conde me, Salvator,
Donec turbo hic sedatur ;
Me in portum ducas tutum,
In extremis, fer salutem.

Solus meum Tu tutamen,
Solus robur et solamen ;
Ne me debilem excludas,
Ne mî gaudium secludas ;
Totam spem in Te repono,
Opem totam de Te fero,
Tege caput meum nudum,
Subter alæ Tuæ scutum.

Tu mî desiderium solum,
Mihi probes omne bonum ;
Lapsos leva, juva fessos,
Ægros sana, rege cæcos.
Justum sanctum nomen Tuum,
Magnum est iniquum meum ;
Falsus ego, plenus mali,
Bonus Tu, et plenus veri.

Affluens benignitate,
Tege copiam peccati ;

Let the healing streams abound;
   Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
   Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
   Rise to all eternity.

## XXIII

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
      Saviour Divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
      Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
      My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
      A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
      Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
      From Thee aside.

Fluant fluvii sanantes,
Meum malum cor purgantes.
Te bibam, immortalitatis
Fontem, atque plenitatis;
Meam animam impleto,
Mecum semper Tu maneto.

## XXIII

Te fides mea contemplatur,
Benigne hominum Salvator,
    Agne Divine:
Exaudi me jam supplicantem,
Peccati veniam rogantem,
Meipsum Tibi dedicantem,
    Calvarine!

E Tuâ gratiâ abundanti,
Da robur mihi laboranti,
    Incende mentem;
Ut Tu pro me tulisti mortem,
Crea in me amorem fortem,
Ferventem mundum et constantem,
    Ignem viventem.

Per vitæ locos latebrosos,
Dum iter facio dolorosus,
    Custodi me;
In diem verte tenebras,
Absterge luctûs lacrimas,
Nec sine premam semitas
    Procul a Te.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

## XXIV

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens, and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;

Quum vitæ somnio exoriens,
Sub undâ luctuosâ moriens
Ero submersus;
Beate Jesu in amore,
Me omni libera timore,
Et ferar a Te Redemptore
In cælum versus.

## XXIV

PECCATA mea Jesu
Agno Dei trado;
Cuncta fert, me liberat
Onere damnato.
A me offensa mea
Ad Jesum jam feruntur,
In Ejus caro sanguine
Labes albicantur.

Pro Jesu desideria
Pleno gratiæ pando;
Morbo et morte solvit,
Ipsum pro me dando.
Curas Ei affero,
Onera et mærores;
Emancipat omnino,
Et meos fert dolores.

Super Eum animam
Languidam acclino;

His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

## XXV

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,

Dextra me amplectitur,
  Jaceo in sinu.
Nomen Jesu diligo,
  Christi, Immanuelis;
Ut ventus odoratus
  Defluit de cælis.

Ad Jesum ut accedam
  A me desideratum;
Patris amantem lenem
  Filium beatum.
Profundo corde volo
  Cum Eo habitare,
In angelorum choro
  Cum sanctis adorare.

## XXV

QUAM dulce Jesu nomen est
  Fideli audienti,
In omnibus solamen est
  Ei, jam non timenti.

Contritum cor resuscitat,
  Turbatam sedat mentem;
Esurienti cibum dat,
  Defesso fert quietem.

O carum nomen, mî Rupes,
  Refugium, Tutamen,

My never-failing treasury, filled
  With boundless stores of grace.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
  Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
  And I am owned a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
  My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
  Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
  And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
  I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
  With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
  Refresh my soul in death.

## XXVI

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

Thesaurus inexhaustus es,
  Perpetuum solamen!

Me Deus audit, propter Te,
  Peccato jam fœdatum;
Accusat Sathan frustra me
  Redemptum Dei natum.

Jesu, Amice, Pastor, Rex,
  Sacerdos, Sponse, Vates,
Via et Vita, Meta, Dux,
  Accipias meas grates!

Infirmum cor tentat famam
  Frustra Tuam sonare;
Quum cernam totam gloriam,
  Tum cœpero laudare.

Sed nunc, Dilecte, canam Te
  Fugaci omni aurâ;
Et Tuum dulce nomen me
  Juvet in mortis horâ.

## XXVI

Cordis Sol, Salvator care,
Tecum nox non potest stare;
Surgat nulla nubes terræ,
Celans Te de servi ore.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## XXVII

My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'

Quum jucundi somni rores
Blandi cadunt post labores,
Ultimum sit cogitatum,
Dulcem Jesus fert quietem.

Totam diem mane mecum,
Frustra vivo nisi Tecum;
Mane per instantem noctem,
Sine Te horresco mortem.

Si quis hodie filius errans,
Vocem Dei sprevit peccans,
Gratiæ Tuæ fac initium
Ne labetur in exitium.

Custodi ægros; pauperes
Fac Tuâ gratiâ divites;
Lugentibus hac nocte somnum
Da infantium, lenem, mundum.

Juva nos expergefactos
Ad labores renovatos;
Donec mergimur in cœlo
In amoris mari pleno.

## XXVII

Pater, Deus, dum in terrâ
Pererro advena amarâ,
Fari doce me re verâ,
'Fiat voluntas Tua.'

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer Divinely taught,
'Thy will be done.'

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will be done.'

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
'Thy will be done.'

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
'Thy will be done.'

Si via tristis et obscura,
Contentus sim fortunâ durâ,
Et semper spirem mente purâ,
'Fiat voluntas Tua.

Amicos olim preciosos
Si silens lugeo remotos,
Precabor, etsi dolorosus,
'Fiat voluntas Tua.'

Si Tibi placeat revocare
Munera manûs Tuæ caræ,
Tua non mea; dicam vere:
'Fiat voluntas Tua.'

Si ægritudine devictus,
Doloris patior acres ictus,
Si rapior ad mortis litus,
Fiat voluntas Tua.

Si modo lassum cor juvabis
Divini Spiritûs afflatis;
Dehinc commissis Tibi cunctis,
Fiat voluntas Tua.

Fac novam meam voluntatem,
Cum Tuâ spira unitatem;
Da semper fandi potestatem,
'Fiat voluntas Tua.'

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I 'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy will be done.'

## XXVIII

My times are in Thy hand:
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

My times are in Thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified;
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.

My times are in Thy hand:
I 'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

Tunc quum precari hic cessavi,
Quod sæpe lacrimans rogavi,
In oris cæli canam brevi,
'Fiat voluntas Tua.'

## XXVIII

PENES Te fortuna mea:
Amen, sic volo, Deus;
Amicos, vitam, animam,
Pono in Tuas manus.

Penes Te fortuna mea:
Cur ego trepidarem?
Nunquam nato Pater mittet
Luctum non salutarem.

Penes Te fortuna mea,
O Jesu crucifixe!
Fovent manus me, a me
Crudeliter transfixæ.

Penes Te fortuna mea:
Semper in Te sperabo;
Et post decessum juxta Te
Perpetuo manebo.

## XXIX

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot,
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
Or bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My barque is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board:
Above the raging of the gale
I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp 'tis short; if long 'tis light,
He tempers all.

## XXIX

Nescio fausta an amara
Mihi adsint;
Nec an gaudia mihi cara
Vere prosint.

Onus forsitan laboris
Diu feram;
Fletûs vitam et doloris
Forsan degam.

Forsan illustrabunt vultus
Læti focum,
Forsan in silentio luctûs
Stabit atrium.

Naviculam propellit recte
Flatus divinus;
Et clavum tenet non inepte
Alteri manus.

Ille procellas potens regere
Mecum adest;
Suos in arduis protegere
Jesus potest.

Fluctus prevalet domare
Ut non labem;
Si acre, breve; si longum, leve,
Dabit finem.

Safe to the land! safe to the land!
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

## XXX

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

Me tutum gerit ille clemens;
    Est consummatum;
In cælum ducet, manu tenens,
    Me beatum.

## XXX

CAPITA quum luctus flectit,
Lacrimas quum dolor premit,
Pro amissis quum lugemus,
Jesu, frater, audi fletus.

Carnem nostram Tu gessisti,
Luctus nostros Tu novisti,
Lacrimas fudisti tristes,
Jesu, frater, audi preces.

Quum propinquat mortis hora,
Ultima quum fugit aura,
Quum vocamur in judicium,
Audi, Jesu, nostrum luctum.

Caput moriens Tu flexisti,
Cordis sanguinem fudisti,
Mortis Tu gessisti vestem;
Audi, Jesu, nostram precem.

Quum cor intus valde dolet
Quod peccare tantum solet,
Quum timore agitamur,
Audi, Jesu, dum precamur.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

## XXXI

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
    Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
    Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
    Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
    Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

Ferens culpam aliorum,
Onus portans peccatorum,
Luctum nôsti et pudorem,
Audi, Jesu, nostram vocem.

## XXXI

ME ducas, Lux amanda,
Caligine profundâ,
    Conducas me;
Nocte erro obscurâ,
In alienâ terrâ,
    Conducas me;
Pedes meos tenere
Te posco, non videre
Longe lateque, tantum
Unum viæ passum.

Non semper ita sensi,
Non olim ita volui
    A Te conduci;
Amavi viam legere,
Nunc solum volo degere,
    Te meo duce;
Amavi diem splendidam,
Superbia rexit animam,
Sprevi timoris monitum,
Line, Deus, præteritum!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

## XXXII

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word:
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,

Beâsti me tot annos,
Nunc quoque Tua manus
    Sit mihi Dux
Per montem atque rupem,
Per flumen et paludem,
    Dum transeat nox;
Mane arrideant mihi,
Facies quasi angeli,
Olim dilectissimæ,
Aliquamdiu amissæ.

## XXXII

MANETO mecum, transit vesper cito,
Maneto mecum, properat caligo;
Amici me liquerunt desolatum;
Qui solos adjuvas, maneto mecum!

Pede veloci fugit brevis vita,
Cito vanescit terræ gloria trita,
Debilitatis cuncta ferunt signum,
Qui non mutaris, O maneto mecum!

Non breve tempus posco Te morari,
Sed ut cum Tuis soles habitare;
Te quæro almum, blandum, mansuetum,
Non abiturum, sed mansurum mecum.

Veni non terrens, sicut regum Rex,
Veni benignus, ut salutis Dux;

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

## XXXIII

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

O Cor misericors, bonitatis plenum,
Amans vel improbos, maneto mecum.

In juventute arridebas mihi,
Meque perversum, resistentem Tibi,
Non reliquisti—me perfidiosum,
Usque ad finem, O maneto mecum.

Requiro Te fugaci omni horâ,
Hostem quis vincet sine gratiâ carâ?
Quis nisi Tu tutamen erit verum?
Noctem diemque, O maneto mecum!

Te adjuvante, sperno meos hostes,
Mala inepta, lacrimæ non tristes;
Victum sepulcrum; Mors, O ubi telum?
Semper triumpho, Te manente mecum.

Mî morituro manifesta crucem,
Ad cælos innue, diffunde lucem;
Ecce Aurora! evanescit velum,
Vitâ morteque, O maneto mecum.

## XXXIII

Quis mihi cor tranquillum dabit,
  Et Deo plus propinquum?
Quis mihi viam luminabit
  Quæ ducat me ad Agnum?

Where is the blessedness I knew
  When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
  Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
  How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
  The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove! return,
  Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
  And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
  Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
  And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
  Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
  That leads me to the Lamb.

## XXXIV

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new!

Quo fugit anima beata,
  Quæ primum Jesum vidit?
Quo fugit delectatio grata,
  Quam Ejus verbum dedit?

Quam dulces dies hi fuerunt,
  O læte revocandos!
Sed locos vacuos liquerunt,
  A mundo non implendos.

Redi, Columba Sancta, redi,
  Quietis dulcis nuntia!
Peccata Tibi noxia odi,
  A me Te repellentia.

Idolum vel carissimum
  Quod novi corde mei,
De Dei throno sit expulsum,
  Me dicem solum Ei.

Sic prope Deum ambulabo,
  Sic fiet cor serenum;
Sic lumen clarius habebo
  Conducens me ad Agnum.

## XXXIV

Felices hi et sapientes,
  Qui solis ortum contemplantur,
Mirantes radios fulgentes,
  A quibus omnia novantur.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray,—
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go:
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Lucente mane, novus amor
  Ad nos surgentes læte venit,
Post tenebras, novatum robur,
  Post somnum, vis vitalis redit.

Gratiæ indies novatæ
  Circumvolant nos dum oramus;
Protecti atque condonati,
  Ad Deum rursum aspiramus.

Si res ad mundum pertinentes
  Deo statuimus dicare;
Thesauros novos excellentes
  Placebit ei nobis dare.

Vulgare opus, cursus tritus,
  Desiderata providebunt;
Nos ipsos abnegandi tempus
  Et locum prope Deum dabunt.

Nil ultra petimus, contenti;
  Humanum gaudium, otium gratum
Veniant, abeant—Te volente,
  Hinc nobis otium inturbatum.

Divinâ pace frui, Deus,
  Placeat Tibi nos parare;
Et juves singulis diebus
  Vitam cum precibus aptare.

## XXXV

God of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, -answering God
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

## XXXV

Te invoco, Creator Deus,
Nam maximus est luctus meus,
Ad Tuos pedes miser cado,
Trementem mentem adjuvato.

Qui fessos juvas et desertos,
Te solum obsecrabo mæstus;
Te, cujus januæ patentes
Invitant tristes et egentes.

An unquam miser Te oravit
Nec repperit quod imploravit?
Nonne verbum semper stetit
'Nemo me nequicquam petit'?

Non possem tollere dolores,
Si, me precante, Tu sileres;
Te, novi, preces audientem
Te, mea onera levantem.

Amœna mihi sors paratur
Quum cæli Rex pro me precatur;
Qui mundi gaudiis juvantur
Tam lætâ sorte non fruuntur.

Tametsi pauper sum et spretus,
A Deo tamen non oblitus;
Is salvus erit et beatus,
Si Jesus ejus advocatus.

## XXXVI

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The vale of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

## XXXVII

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;

## XXXVI

O Tuam faciem beatam
  Mi Jesu, nunquam vidi;
Pendet inter nos velamen,
  Non penetrandum mihi.

Nec visus tamen nec auditus,
  Versaris sæpe mecum;
Et nullus locus tam beatus
  Quam ubi moror Tecum.

Ut dormienti cito fulget
  Somnium quiddam clarum,
Imago Tua mihi surgit,
  Gaudium ferens carum.

Sed etsi, solum fide ductus,
  Te nunquam vidi Jesum,
Tu, Domine, es mî Dilectus,
  Te novi, Te non visum.

Quum claudet mors hos oculos,
  Et tremens cor sedabit,
Te, inter gloriæ cumulos
  Velum fissum monstrabit.

## XXXVII

Sol descendit cito,
    Transeunt lumina,

Let love awake, and pay
  Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ, upon the cross
    In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
  His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
    Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
  In whom all spirits live,

So now beneath His eye
    Would calmly rest—
Without a wish or thought
  Abiding in the breast,

Save that His will be done
    Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
  In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now
    Not I, but He
In all His power and love
  Henceforth alive in me,

One sacred Trinity,
    One Lord Divine;
Myself for ever His,
  And He for ever mine.

Surgat amor, ferens
  Vesperi munera.

Ut in cruce Christus
    Caput flexit,
Et in Patris manus
  Animam concessit,

Anima sic mea
    Sese daret
Ejus sanctæ curæ,
  De quo vita surget.

Oculo sub ejus
    Requiêret;
Desiderium nullum
  Pectore maneret.

Quicquid Ei placet
    Semper fiat;
Alienis mortuum
  Cor in Eo vivat.

Vitam sic haberem
    Ut is solus,
Potens atque amans,
  Esset in me vivus.

Trinitas Ter Sancta,
    Unus Deus,
Tuus semper essem,
  Sis Tu semper meus!

## XXXVIII

THE Church's one foundation
  Is Jesus Christ her Lord:
She is His new creation
  By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
  To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
  And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
  Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
  One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
  Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
  With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
  Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
  By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
  Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
  Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
  And tumult of her war,

## XXXVIII

Ecclesia fundatur
  Super Christum solum ;
Per aquam atque verbum
  Ejus opus novum ;
De cælo eam petiit,
  Sponsam Sibi sanctam,
Redemit Suo sanguine,
  Pro eâ dedit vitam.

Electa omni gente,
  Ubique tamen una ;
Per Dominum eundem,
  Salutis spargit dona ;
Jactat in uno nomine,
  Eundem panem edit ;
Et omni gratiâ prædita,
  Eandem metam petit.

Etiamsi desidentibus
  Videtur nunc oppressa,
Erroribus distracta,
  Schismatibus discissa,
Sed sancti tamen vigilant,
  'Quam diu?' jam clamantes ;
Et si per noctem lugeant,
  Mane canent lætantes.

Labore et dolore
  Et strepitu armorum,

She waits the consummation
  Of peace for evermore,
Till with the vision glorious
  Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
  Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
  With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
  With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
  Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
  On high may dwell with Thee.

## XXXIX

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!

Exspectat tandem pacem,
  Et exitum laborum,
Donec Dei gloria
  Oculos juvabit
Et in quiete victrix
  Ecclesia manebit.

Hic tamen sociatur
  Cum Deo triunito,
Et iis qui quiescunt,
  Certamine finito.
O sanctos et beatos!
  Hanc gratiam impetremus,
Ut alte cum Te, Domine,
  Et iis, habitemus.

## XXXIX

DULCIS Tua domus supra,
  Terrâ lucis et amoris;
Dulcis Tua domus infra,
  Terrâ mali et doloris.
Cupit meum cor intente
  Sanctis Tuis interesse,
Gloriâ Tuâ effulgente
  Ibi coram Tecum esse.

Felices aves volitantes
  Circa Tuas aras, Deus;
Feliciores acclinantes
  Sese super Patris pectus;

Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

## XL

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Hallelujah!

Ut columba, quæ in terrâ
  Otii locum non invenit,
Fructa est quiete verâ
  Quum ad arcam se recepit.

Beati qui cantare possunt
  Quum dolores corda premunt;
Aquæ in desertis surgunt,
  Panem angelorum edunt;
Fortiores eunt usque,
  Donec coram throno adsunt;
Ad cælestes oras ducti,
  Se ad Tuos pedes sternunt.

Palma hæc sit mea, Deus,
  Duce Te per mundum frui;
Juxta Te sit mihi locus,
  Me custodi gratiâ Tui.
Tu es æque sol et scutum,
  Devium meum cor servato;
Gratiæ plenum da tributum,
  Me, inanem, me impleto.

## XL

PRO sanctis cunctis, onere solutis,
Olim Tibi fide palam devotis,
Jesu, sis laudatus in sæclis æternis.
                    Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Hallelujah!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Hallelujah!

O blest communion, fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Hallelujah!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Hallelujah!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Hallelujah!

But, lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Hallelujah!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's furthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
'Hallelujah!'

Arx, rupes et robur iis fuisti,
Victores in pugnâ eos fecisti,
Solus in tenebris lumen dedisti.
Alleluia!

Pugnent jam milites fortes et fidi,
Ut olim certârunt Tui amici,
Cum iis cingantur coronâ victrici.
Alleluia!

Felix societas, e cælo nata!
Nobis certamen, iis gloria data;
Sed omnes sunt Christi, concordiâ lætâ.
Alleluia!

Et dum certamine diu sævitur
En! longe triumphi cantus auditur,
Et cordis et brachii robur munitur.
Alleluia!

Jam aurei vesperi fulgor spectatur,
Et fidis militibus quies paratur,
Dulcis Paradisi aura spiratur.
Alleluia!

Sed, ecce, dilucet splendens Aurora,
Sancti fulgentes resurgunt e terrâ,
Transit Rex Ipse gloriâ præclarâ.
Alleluia!

Telluris ultimis e regionibus,
Portas in gemmeas intrat innumerus
Cœtus, Triunum extollens vocibus,
'Alleluia!

## XLI

ONWARD! Christian soldiers,
  Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
  Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
  Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
  See! His banners go.

At the sign of triumph
  Satan's legions flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
  On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
  At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
  Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army
  Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
  Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
  All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
  One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
  Kingdoms rise and wane,

## XLI

Proite Christi milites,
  Ite ad certamen,
Cruce Jesu Christi
  Præcedente agmen.
Christus Dux regalis
  Ducit nos ad bella;
Contra adversarios
  Cernite vexilla.

Pellit nomen Jesu
  Satanæ cohortes;
Celerate milites,
  Triumphate fortes!
Tremunt ædes inferæ
  Laudes audientes;
Fratres, voces tollite,
  Dominum plaudentes.

Firma ut exercitus
  Ecclesia incedit,
Sanctorum in vestigiis
  Jam fraterne vadit.
Non discordes sumus,
  Sed acies unita,
Amore, spe, eâdem
  Fide colligata.

Pereant coronæ,
  Regna subvertantur,

But the Church of Jesus
  Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
  'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
  And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people!
  Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
  In the triumph song,
'Glory, laud, and honour
  Unto Christ the King!'
This through countless ages
  Men and angels sing.

## XLII

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
  From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
  Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
  And only man is vile;

Ecclesiæ fundamina
  Nunquam movebuntur;
Imperium infernum
  Nequaquam prevalebit,
Nam promissum Jesu
  Perpetuum manebit.

Proite, ergo, gentes,
  Vos nobis sociate;
Cantu triumphali,
  Voces conclamate!
Gloria, laus et honor
  Christo Regi dentur,
Hominibus et angelis
  Per sæcula cantentur.

## XLII

De montibus nivosis,
  De oris Indianis,
De fontibus aurosis
  In arvis Africanis;
Sæpe de fluvio vetere
  De nemore palmarum,
Vox clamat patriam solvere
  De vinculis errorum.

Quid? si fragranter ventus
  Spirat Ceyloni ripis,
Si cuncta juvant sensus,
  Et homo solus turpis;

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

## XLIII

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb;

Nequicquam generosus
  Tot dona Deus sternit,
Paganus tenebrosus
  Idolis se prosternit.

Num nobis luminatis
  Scientiâ supernâ
Negabitur cæcatis
  Vitæ clara lucerna?
Salutem! O salutem!
  Sonate verbum lætum,
Donec vulgatur nomen
  Christi per orbem totum.

Diffunde, vente, nuncium,
  Aquæ, movete fluctum,
Donec, ut mare fulgidum,
  Circumflat universum;
Donec, pro nobis cæsus,
  Agnus mundi Salvator,
Redit regnare lætus,
  Redemptor, Rex, Creator.

## XLIII

PAUCI volventur anni,
  Transibit brevis vita,
Et mortis dormiemus
  ददcavernâ in quietâ:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,—
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Me para, O mî Domine,
  In diem magnum eum;
Me lava Tuo sanguine,
  Peccatum tolle meum.

Jam pauci cadent soles
  Post colles has terrestres,
Sed nobis, sine sole,
  Fulgebit lux cælestis:
    Me para, O mî Domine,
      In diem clarum eum;
    Me lava Tuo sanguine,
      Peccatum tolle meum.

Pauci jam fluctus quatient
  Hoc litus scopulosum,
Tum ultra ventos erimus,
  Et æstum furiosum:
    Me para, O mî Domine,
      In diem suavem eum;
    Me lava Tuo sanguine,
      Peccatum tolle meum.

Pauca posthac certamina,
  Paucæ discessiones,
Et lacrimæ, sed illic
  Nullæ plorationes:
    Me para, O mî Domine,
      In diem gratum eum;
    Me lava Tuo sanguine,
      Peccatum tolle meum.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

## XLIV

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

Jam pauca fessos sabbata
  Juvabunt viatores,
Tunc sabbatum æternum
  Et quies Redemptoris:
    Me para, O mî Domine,
      In diem dulcem eum;
    Me lava Tuo sanguine,
      Peccatum tolle meum.

Transierit breve tempus,
  Is rursum apparebit,
Qui nos per mortem vivos,
  Per vitam reges fecit:
    Me para, O mî Domine,
      In diem lætum eum,
    Me lava Tuo sanguine,
      Peccatum tolle meum.

## XLIV

Hic nobis vita brevis,
  Hic cura dolorosa;
Dehinc, extinctâ morte,
  Vita illacrimosa.

O felix retributio,
  Fesso æterna quies!
Mortali et peccanti,
  In beatorum viis.

There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;

But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that see and know Him
Shall have Him for their own.

Yes! God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

## XLV

The sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.

In gaudium transit dolor,
  Et gaudium tale fit
Quale nec verba dicunt,
  Nec cor humanum scit.

Nunc prœlio certamus,
  Dolore mox securi
Ab omni, semper gloriæ
  Coronam gestaturi.

Nunc vigiles luctamur,
  Nunc vivimus in spe,
Et Babylon Zioni
  Ferox opponit se.

Sed Deus, in quo nitimur,
  Insignis apparebit,
Et nobis quum videbitur
  Amicum se præbebit.

Tunc Deum, vere nostrum,
  Et gratiâ abundantem,
Perpetuo laudabimus,
  Nobiscum habitantem.

## XLV

CADUNT arenæ vitæ ;
  In cælis ecce lux ;
Dies desiderata
  Æstatis venit dux.

Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
  But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
    In Immanuel's land.

O Christ! He is the fountain,
  The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted
  More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fulness
  His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
    In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
  My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
  Were lustred by His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
  I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
    In Immanuel's land.

O, I am my Belovèd's,
  And my Beloved is mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
  Into His house of wine.
I stand upon His merit;
  I know no other stand,
Not even where glory dwelleth
    In Immanuel's land.

Post noctem tenebrosam,
Dilucet jam Aurora,
Nam gloria, gloria fulget
Immanuelis terrâ.

O Christe, fons amoris,
Jucundus et profundus,
In cælo amnis dulcis
Fundetur redundandus.
Tum gratia ut oceanus
Expandet Ejus clara,
Nam gloria, gloria fulget
Immanuelis terrâ.

Clementiâ et judicio
Miscebat mihi vitam,
Ferebat ros doloris
Semper amoris notam;
Laudabo manum aptam,
Cor quoque salutare,
Mox super throno gloriæ
Immanuelis terræ.

O ego sum Dilecti,
Dilectus quoque meus;
Indigno peccatori
Præbet festale decus.
Confido Ejus gratiæ;
Hæc sola mihi cara,
Hæc sola, vel in cælo,
Immanuelis terrâ.

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace,—
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His piercèd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

I 've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide;
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land.

## XLVI

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His belovèd sleep'?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,

Non spectat sponsa vestem,
  Sed faciem mariti;
Non contemplabor decus,
  Sed gratiam Dilecti;
Coronam non mirabor,
  Sed manum, vi amarâ
Transfixam, Agni gloriam,
    Immanuelis terrâ.

Certavi versus cælum,
  Per tempestatem trucem,
Nunc ut viator fessus,
  Recumbens super ducem.
Sub umbris vespertinis
  Cadente jam arenâ,
SALVE! dilucens gloria
    Immanuelis terrâ.

## XLVI

AMORIS Dei exemplorum,
Fidelium cordibus vectorum,
  Dum dulce Psalmista cantat,
Dic quid possit huic præstare,
Aut hoc donum superare,
  Dilectis Suis somnum dat?

Quid caris nostris nos daremus?
Herois cor, ignarum metus,
  Lyram quæ astris concinat,

The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

'Sleep soft, beloved!' we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

O earth so full of dreary noises!
O men with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse that o'er it fall!—
God strikes a silence through you all
And giveth His belovèd sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Conformed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard—
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

Amantis patriam vocem claram,
Coronam regum fronti caram?
  Dilectis Suis somnum dat.

'Dormite leniter, dilecti,'
Interdum dicimus, indocti
  Quid mala somnia pellat;
Sed nunquam somnium lugubre
Turbabit dormientes, ubi
  Dilectis Suis somnum dat.

O terra, resonans stridore!
O homo, tristi gemens ore!
  Aurum, quod fletum provocat
Et rixam! damnat Deus totum,
Silentio tandem fit devotum;
  Dilectis Suis somnum dat.

Silenter rores montem alunt,
Silenter nubes supra volant,
  Ut rusticus serat et metat;
Mollius quam labuntur rores,
Blandius quam feruntur nubes,
  Dilectis Suis somnum dat.

Mirentur quidam, cogitantes
Ætatem hominis viventis,
  Qui tale otium conservat;
Sed aiunt angeli beati,
Et, ut opinor, hilarati,
  Dilectis Suis somnum dat.

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
  That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on His love repose
  Who giveth His belovèd sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
  And round my bier you come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall;
  "He giveth His belovèd sleep."'

## XLVII

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour
    All will be well.
Free and changeless is His favour;
    All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us;
    All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,
    All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
    All, all is well.

De me, cor quondam agitatum,
Ut puer fessus, qui theatrum
  Et, plorans, ludios spectat;
Nunc fatigatum requiêret,
Amori ejus acclinaret
  Qui caris Suis somnum dat.

Et quum, amici, venit hora,
Quâ fugiet hæc levis aura,
  Et lugens quisque circumstat;
Dicat, qui optime me amat,
'Ne una lacrima jam cadat,
  Dilectis Suis somnum dat.'

## XLVII

PER amorem Salvatoris,
  Cuncta fient bene.
Firmâ gratiâ Redemptoris,
  Cuncta se habent bene.
Jesu sanguine sanamur,
Plenâ gratiâ signamuı,
Manu validâ juvamur,
  Oportet cuncta bene.

Etsi tribulatio venit,
  Cuncta fient bene.
Nos tam salvos Deus fecit,
  Cuncta se habent bene.

Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
'All, all is well.'
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

## XLVIII

Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ are first to rise
At that last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:

Fausti Deo confidentes,
Jesu fructum proferentes,
Sancti a Spiritu fientes,
  Oportet cuncta bene.

Auroram fulgidam speramus,
  Cuncta fient bene.
Fide in luctibus cantamus,
  'Cuncta se habent bene.'
Amori Patris confidentes,
In Jesu omnia habentes,
Viventes, etiam morientes,
  Oportet cuncta bene.

## XLVIII

QUID video, Omnipotens?
  Creati mundi finem:
Apparet Judex equitans
  Fulgentem super nubem:
Sonat tuba, patent antra,
Vitæ mortuos reddentia;
  Me para judicari.

Surgunt in Christo dormientes
  Audito tubæ sono;
In cœlis Christo accedentes,
  Stant læti coram throno:

No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone:
Trembling they stand before His throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending:
May we, in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

## XLIX

For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

Timore omni liberati;
Cum Salvatore ter beati
  Parati judicari.

At trepidantes improbi,
  Iratum Deum vident;
Nequicquam fletus miseri
  Et gemitus effundent:
Prorsus fugit gratiæ dies:
Sola manet ira iis
  Ineptis judicari.

Submissimi precamur Te,
  In horâ hac terroris,
Servare nos, Justissime,
  Oblitum non amoris:
Ut sic, hac die quum spectamur,
Fideles nos inveniamur,
  Parati judicari.

## XLIX

Cum Deo sempiterne!
  Amen, sic faxit Ille:
In verbo vita latet,
  Et decus immortale.
Hic, corpori ligatus,
  Errans absum a Deo,
Sed quaque nocte propior
  Ad domum Patris eo.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand
Fight, and I must prevail.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!'

Supernæ patriæ fores
  Vicinæ discernuntur,
Interdum, a dilectis,
  Quum fide contemplantur.
Tum ardet mea anima
  Intrare caram terram,
Sanctorum patrimonium,
  Jerusalem supernam.

Cum Deo sempiterne!
  Pater, si placet Tibi,
Promissum hoc fidele
  Imple nunc quidem mihi.
Si Tu ad dextram adsis,
  Immotus remanebo;
Si teneas, persistam;
  Si pugnes, prævalebo.

Quum discedente animâ
  Videbo rem occultam,
Evadam mortem morte,
  Æternam nactus vitam.
Cognoscens ut cognoscor,
  Gaudebo verbo eo,
Et coram throno repetam,
  'Perpetuo cum Deo!'

Printed by T. and A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press